Volume LXXIV CHICAGO, JANUARY 21, 1915 Number 21

UNITY

Freedom, Fellowship and Character in Religion

Official Organ of the Congress of Religion

THE WOMAN'S PEACE PARTY

Platform Recently Adopted at Washington, D. C.

The purpose of this organization is to enlist all American women in arousing the nations to respect the sacredness of human life and to abolish war. The following is adopted as our platform:

1. The immediate calling of a convention of neutral nations in the interest of early peace.
2. Limitations of armaments and the nationalization of their manufacture.
3. Organized opposition to militarism in our own country.
4. Education of youth in the ideals of peace.
5. Democratic control of foreign policies.
6. The further humanizing of governments by the extension of the franchise to women.
7. Concert of nations to supercede the "Balance of Powers."
8. Action toward the gradual organization of the world to substitute Law for War.
9. The substitution of an international police for rival armies and navies.
10. Removal of the economic causes of war.
11. The appointment by our government of a commission of men and women, with an adequate appropriation, to promote international peace.

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CHICAGO

UNITY

"HE HATH MADE OF ONE ALL NATIONS OF MEN"

VOL. LXXIV. THURSDAY, JANUARY 21, 1914 NUMBER 21

A PRAYER.

Thou art, O God, the Primal Motherheart,
Great tenderness can trace its right to be
Across the mighty aeons back to Thee,
So wide the Gates of Vision draw apart.

As from a softened sky the dim stars start,
Let gentle truths rise from the dusky sea,
Or drop from sighing winds, or sweep the lea
In kiss of melting snow man's way to chart.

'Tis Thy compulsion in the souls of men
That shapes the larger destinies of all;
Let monarchs, crowned with care, heed Thy still call,
And nations band in brotherhood again.
O bring us forth to peace! On every shore
Teach us to love; let there be war no more!

MARY STEBBINS SAVAGE.

Is this strange relation between the United States and the English government concerning neutral traffic to bring out the humiliating fact that we have been shipping copper concealed in bales of cotton for war-like uses? Is it another shame to the United States that we are uncovering? Let us hope not.

A town in Indiana has been found so good that a marshal has been starved out. His fees were fixed at five dollars per arrest. He has resigned his office in disgust and is looking for a city where there is more cussedness for him to thrive upon. Go find a wet town, Mr. Marshal. Dry territory is poor country for you.

UNITY has waited for a long while for a college professor who would say what Prof. S. H. Bush of the University of Iowa has recently been saying, as reported in a dispatch to the *Chicago Herald*:

> "I never yet left the football field feeling reconciled to such contests. The game is brutal, barbaric and primitive. I have never yet seen a man profited by it. . . . The before-the-game talks are idiotic: 'Go out and kill them!' cries the coach."

Professor Bush is reported as favoring the abolition of the game by every college in the United States.

The threatened rise in the price of a loaf of bread may bring the opportune time when Americans will learn to appreciate and utilize their greatly unappreciated food products. Here is an opportunity for the bakers to develop a five-cent loaf of bread equal in nutritive qualities, as available commercially and as palatable to the cultivated taste, out of corn meal or a compound of corn, wheat and rye. We have not yet begun to utilize our breadstuffs.

Rabbi Theodore F. Joseph of Allentown, Pa., an ardent champion of universal peace, father of the Social Center Movement in his community and founder of the Temple Brotherhood, has been appointed by the Governor of Pennsylvania a member of the American Committee to celebrate the One Hundredth Anniversary of Peace among English Speaking Peoples. May the celebration have in it a more brilliant prophesy than even the radiant history in this direction.

The Illinois Anti-Saloon League is just out with its Annual Report for 1914, from which we learn that 1,146 saloons in the State in which Chicago is situated were put out of business last year; that 52 out of the 103 counties are dry, and there is little doubt but what if it were not for the partisanship that poisons the judgment and corrupts the conscience of the present legislature, it would promptly be organized on dry lines and further prohibition legislation might be looked for. But in the present deadlock there is hopeful encouragement that the liquor question is now at last profoundly disturbing, and as surely the time is near at hand when it will be profoundly triumphant.

There is point to the appeal of the Chamber of the German-American Commerce of New York City when they ask for help in securing the passage of the Hitchcock Bill now pending in the United States Senate and the Vollmer resolution pending in the House of Representatives seeking to stop the exportation of all war material by the securing of the free shipment of the legitimate goods that are non-military. Doubtless there are thousands of women and children in Europe today suffering from the interference with this legitimate trade. Surely the American people should not be found "praying for peace on Sunday and making money out of the cruel war on weekdays."

The new Governor of Wisconsin is distressed over the number of outside pupils that flock to the State University, and he recommends raising the tuition,

A more effectual way to keep foreign students out would be to cheapen the reputation of the University by weakening the faculty and rendering it incapable of doing as notable work. This high protective tariff policy in education may prove as poor an industrial device for states as for nations. Before going too far we recommend that the Governor-elect should take note of how many Wisconsin boys and girls go outside of the State for their education and profit by the low tuition of the "foreign" institutions. Is the Republic of Letters a fiction and is the new administration to consider all as aliens not residing within the boundary of the State of Wisconsin? Is not this encouraging home industry with a vengeance?

Local politics in Chicago are raising as usual a great dust concerning street-car problems, traction conundrums and heroic subways, in which cloud of dust aspirants to the Mayor's chair may run without being exposed to the ethical issues that ought to be made sun-clear in a mayoralty campaign. The first question that ought to be propounded by every candidate is the last question reached, so skillful is the evasion. Here are some proper pre-election questions: What are the intentions of the candidate in regard to the enforcement of laws concerning the great ethical disgraces of the city; the one o'clock closing act, the Sunday closing act, the refusing to sell intoxicants to minors and to habitual drunkards duly posted, the exclusion of women, the removal of the "Family Entrance," gambling prohibitions of every kind and the harboring of vicious women? What about political appointments on the police force, neglect of enforcing civil service, primary and election laws? Is the coming Mayor to guard the commercial honor of the city as he does his own reputation for honesty in matters of business; in short, the morality of the Mayor's office is the first requisite? Given an honest man in league with sobriety and not with vice and all these other things will be added thereto. Strap-hangers may be reduced and even a subway be realized without much political aggrandizement to anybody. It is so plain, obvious, easy and a matter-of-course thing to do when you have a Mayor in the chair committed to plain decency in the enforcement of existing laws.

A correspondent wonders if our recent depressing note concerning contemporary poets and poetry would have been written had we been acquainted with Mr. Braithwaite's "Anthology of Magazine Verse for 1914." The Poetry Society of America in their January bulletin reports that 53 out of 77 selections in the book were written by members of the Poetry Society of America, that 157 poems of distinction are gathered from the "entire magazine verse of the year, *The Bellman* leading the list with 23, *The Century* following with 19, *Scribner's* with 18, *Smart Set* 18, *Trend* 16, *Forum* 13, *Masses* 13, *Harper's* 10, *Yale Review* 10, *International* 9, *Lippincott's* 8." It is a shock if not shocking to learn that only two poems are included in this anthology from the *Atlantic Monthly,* which to some of us older ones at least stands for the classic among American magazines. According to this same bulletin Springfield, Illinois, finds a poet leader in Mr. Vachel Lindsay, whose poem, "On the Building of Springfield" stimulated that city to a "Survey." Mr. Carnegie is printing 50,000 copies of Miss Angela Morgan's "The Battle-Cry of the Mothers," to be distributed by the peace societies. If ever UNITY was caught in a faithless mood in regard to poets and poetry it was so far untrue to its fundamental conviction and permanent inspiration. It ever believes that the poet is the maker and that the fountains of inspiration are not exhausted; that in the future, as in the past, the prophets will lead the hosts of life forward. The connection between earth and Heaven has not been broken. Fresh "messages from the empyrean" are to be expected, nay they are daily received.

The last Sunday issue of the *Chicago Tribune* gives an illustrated page to a reproduction in colors of Watts' "Hope." Artistically it is a wonderful success under the severe restrictions of a daily paper's press and paper. It is also an appreciative interpretation, complimentary at once to the newspaper and to the better side of the public which alas the daily papers too often forget or ignore. We are not thinking of the so-called "educated" or "cultured" *class* in society, for which perhaps the newspapers have due consideration, but for the artistic susceptibilities, the cultural ambitions, the spiritual appreciations of the *masses* which are always more profound perhaps than those of the *classes.* This note is intended as a compliment to the *Tribune* rather than any tribute to the untranslatable power of the picture and the unparalleled triumph of the artist. But the picture has a message for these days that he who runs may read. Bowed down, with eyes blindfolded and ears muffled, her lyre battered, all the strings broken but one, this world figure, anguished by disappointment, defeat, want and distress of heart, does not despair. She listens attentively to the vibrations of the one unbroken string, and not in vain, for above her head, unseen and perhaps unrealized, shines still the one undying, ever-insistent Star of Hope. No wonder that this picture in reproduction is announced as one

of the "best sellers." Of course the charm of this master artist is always present and ever asking appreciation, but the sermon preached by this prophet of the brush is peculiarly timely in these days of broken hearts, disrupted homes, dismantled ideals, disgraced nations and bewildered humanity.

We print on our front page this week the platform of the new Woman's Peace Party, recently adopted at Washington. Every plank in this platform is vital, throbbing with prophetic power which UNITY most cordially endorses. There is doubtless a certain strategic advantage by taking the excluding name of *"Woman's,"* but we believe it is securing short range potency at the cost of long range efficiency. Perhaps the women who have suffered exclusion from the higher councils of the nation so long and have been humiliated by the subordination of superior brains, warmer hearts and cleaner lives, to masculine arrogance, inferior in all these respects, are justified in their exclusion on the principle of tit for tat; still we can but feel that the opportunity of women to enter the actual leadership for which they have prepared themselves is so great that it is a pity that they should voluntarily elect to continue the segregation which in the past has been forced upon them. So we move to amend the name by substituting the word "National" for the word "Woman's" in the title and to substitute the word "citizen" for the word "women." But realizing that we have no standing on this floor, we withdraw the motion while we respectfully present our application for membership in this Woman's Peace Party, for it is at last a party after our own hearts, a party that represents high contentions on the supreme issues of civilization, and we believe that there are thousands, probably millions, of men citizens as well as women citizens to whom this platform will come as a political prayer, the quest of statesmanship. When we have standing in this body we will venture to add one more count so as to have a round dozen contentions. We respectfully suggest the adding of the following:

"12. The neutralization and ultimate disintegration of the traditional party lines and partisanship prejudices that hark back to issues now dead and divide the voters of the United States on artificial lines, to the end that the old partisan spirit may give way to a new division of American voters on the living issues of the day which do not now run parallel with any of the old parties lines."

Two events of great local as well as general significance occurred in Chicago last week. On Saturday noon last the Annual Meeting of the Chicago Peace Society was held, attended by some eighty earnest and enthusiastic men and women who at midday withdrew themselves from the entanglements of business, home and society calls for this purpose. Secretary L. P. Lochner's report was a document radiating life not simply because it was well written and effectively delivered, but because it was shot through and through with facts setting forth things done and doing. President Goddard insisted on retiring from the position to which he has been so devoted for the last three years, which retirement called for the election of Henry C. Morris to take his place. Mr. Morris is a learned man in the problems of diplomacy and peace. He was for several years Consul at Ghent, and ought to have been there these very days helping celebrate the centennial of the peace there pledged one hundred years ago. The new Executive Committee was organized on aggressive lines and very definite things are being planned for. One cheering action was taken, namely: The securing on Michigan Avenue of a suite of attractive rooms overlooking the lake to become the more adequate joint headquarters for the peace work of Chicago, the expense of which is to be divided between the Chicago Peace Society, Church Peace Union, the Chicago churches, and the recently organized Emergency Federation of Peace Forces, of which Miss Addams is President. At 3:30 on the Sunday following a large Anti-War mass meeting was held at the Powers Theatre which was filled from pit to gallery. Mr. Morris presided and addresses were made by Miss Jane Addams, John C. Kennedy and Jenkin Lloyd Jones. Emphatic resolutions were introduced by Miss Florence Holbrook and passed. At both these meetings the Fuller Sisters from Dorset, England, rendered the simple folk songs of two hundred years ago which seemed to come to life again, to give expression to the agonized hearts of mothers and lovers, and to make a timely protest against the brutalities of war, the blindness of governments and the still tyrannic hearts of kings and kingdoms.

The Unity Endowment Fund Completed

It is hardly to be expected that the issue of UNITY for February 6, 1908, is now available even to the most ardent friend of UNITY. But many of its faithful readers will remember that in this issue under the rather militant title of "The Thirtieth Regiment" we launched the scheme of a $30,000 Endowment Fund to be a perpetual fund for the maintenance of UNITY and its successors, the fund always to be held sacred to the propagation of ideas and ideals. The number "30" was selected as a fitting celebration of the thirty years' life of UNITY, which was to be completed on March 1, 1908. The suggestion was that the unit should be $30.00; a dollar for every year of UNITY's

life, and that the recruiting campaign be started for what would aggregate a thousand such units. To many of our readers that editorial of February 6, 1908, would still be good reading, albeit in spots amusing. The fund was not realized at the end of the thirtieth year, but the quest then begun has never been abandoned, and at last at the close of nearly seven years the end has been reached.

How and by whom we let the Adjutant of the fund, Mrs. Jessie Shears-Carnovale, tell in her report which was read at the Annual Meeting of All Souls Church on the evening of January 14, 1915.

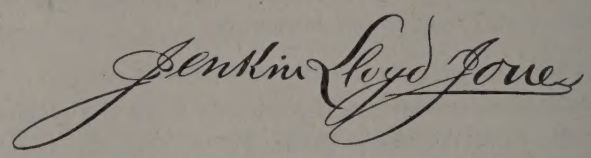
By virtue of the announcement then made the call appended below has been sent out to the subscribers, some of whom have been on our books for nearly this seven years, but many of whom have shown their faith in the project by sending their money before the fund was complete. The terms of the subscription were such that no money was due until a bona-fide subscription of $30,000 was secured. Meanwhile UNITY was kept going by the renewal of the subsidy fund prolonged for another five years by the committee, consisting of Dr. George F. Shears, William Kent and Edward Morris; but this subsidy fund expired the first of March last, and UNITY has been living along since then in the cheerful faith and by the patient endurance of its printers in the expectation that the fund would be realized in due time. Of the committee that helped launch this undertaking, Dr. Shears and Edward Morris have passed on. William Kent, now of California, alone remains, but the work has known no break and the inspiration has been continuous.

As soon as the list of subscribers can be adequately prepared for print, it will be printed entire in these columns. Meanwhile we believe that there are others in the UNITY household who, now that they are assured of success, that what has seemed impossible or at least improbable, has been realized, will be anxious to place their names in this roll of honor among those who in this most commercial age, in a time when material things seem to occupy the whole front of the stage, believe in ideas and realize that potency ever lies in ideals.

Dear Friend:

I am glad to announce that the Unity Endowment Fund of $30,000 has at last been completed and the conditions of your subscription of $—— have been fulfilled. Please send the same at your early convenience to Mrs. Edith Lackersteen, Abraham Lincoln Centre, 700 Oakwood Blvd., Chicago, and she will duly acknowledge the same and as rapidly as possible turn the funds over to the treasurer of the Abraham Lincoln Centre corporation, who will hold the same in trust forever in the publication interests of the ideas and ideals Unity stands for. Rejoicing in the completion of this long task and thanking you for your generous part in it, I am

Very cordially yours,



"THE TWILIGHT OF THE KINGS."

Three Kings there be, and one is mad
And one is weak and one is old.
And all are blind—they will not see
The Hand that writes a doom foretold;
And all are deaf—they will not hear
The Voice that speaks, the Word it brings—
Voice of the People and of God:
"This is the twilight of the Kings!"

From mountain-pass, from fertile plain
Where harvests wait the reapers' tread,
From vineyards on the sunny slopes
Where dressers of the vines lie dead.
From homes where starving children wait
The father's coming—and in vain,
From pallid cheeks and voiceless lips
Of manhood wrecked and manhood slain,
From smold'ring roofs and blackened walls,
From idle wheels of labor stilled,
From ancient battle-fields, and new,
That reek of blood unjustly spilled,
A solemn Voice that cries aloud.
Through all the world the portent rings:
"The sword shall free us from the sword—
This is the twilight of the Kings!"

It is the twilight! Spent the day
Of splendor, tyranny, and crime,
The long, long day that had its birth
Within the far-off dawn of Time—
The day of iron hand and heel,
Of bondage, cruelty, and woe,
The day of Babylon and Rome,
Of Louis, Herod, Pharaoh.
The night that follows on that day
Across the world its shadow flings;
The outworn dynasties shall pass—
It is the twilight of the Kings!

Fast falls the night; beyond its gloom
There shines the dawn of better things—
The light of liberty and peace.
Of justice higher than the Kings.
When breaks that dawn, no more one man
Shall move a million at his will,
Like pawns upon a chessboard played,
To vaunt his power and his skill;
No more one man, by "right divine,"
On age-old wrongs his House shall build.
No more the slogan "Might makes right"
Shall serve his selfish greed to gild.
Their glory fades as fades the day.
In fire and blood their sun has set,
Tho' in the swiftly dark'ning skies
A smoky crimson lingers yet;
For hopeless, when the tide has turned,
To fight against the trend of things,
The thrones are rocking to their fall—
It is the twilight of the Kings!

—Annie Johnson Flint.

The Unity Endowment Fund

The Report read at the Thirty-third Annual Meeting of All Souls Church, Held at the Abraham Lincoln Centre January 14, 1915, by Mrs. Jessie E. Shears-Carnovale

I shall be obliged to begin my annual report of the Unity Endowment Fund much as the daily journals do in their continued stories, by giving a synopsis of the preceding chapters in order to refresh the minds of the readers as to past events, and unite them to the continuation of the story; therefore I will tell you that one year ago tonight I said among other things, "We are so sure of the value of UNITY that we wish to place the paper upon a self-supporting basis . . . . and with a full knowledge of the difficulties to be met, Mrs. Edwin L. Lobdell and myself are starting upon one of the most difficult, but most inspiring tasks which we have undertaken for the Lincoln Centre, namely: that of raising $30,000 to endow ideals and ideas and to place UNITY on a solid financial basis."

We had about $5,000 subscribed, a large part of which was in the bank, which had been gathered by Mr. Jones from men and women from every part of the English speaking world, many of whom could ill afford to subscribe to anything which did not bring material returns.

I further said, "This is one of the hardest tasks, because we must try to reach the comparatively few who can understand a cause which is not represented by material and obvious results"; but I also said, "I am sure such are to be found." I said this because of my firm belief that the teachings of UNITY had not been given to unimpressionable minds, and, too, that if the *visible* expression of such teachings were necessary they could be found in the structure and working of the Abraham Lincoln Centre itself. Unfortunately for the immediate success of our beginning, my co-worker, Mrs. Lobdell, was called away, but encouraged by the inspirations derived from the "Dynamo" of this Centre, and assisted by the very efficient working corps of the office, I began to prepare the ground for the harvest which must come. My first search was not Diogenes like to find a *man*, but to find a *woman*, who would set the pace for the man to follow when he should be found.

This woman I found, who not only agreed with me as to the value of the paper, but said further: "If Mr. Jones were to die, it would not be a difficult matter to raise $30,000 for a monument to his memory and in recognition of his services in this community, and why not subscribe the amount now? Therefore, if you think $5,000 would encourage others to do likewise, I will subscribe that amount to the fund."

I will not attempt to describe my elation and joy at this generous gift. It was not long before several others, men as well as women, were found who with equal courage and generosity donated large amounts, until more than two-thirds of the necessary sum was subscribed. Naturally such success could not be expected to continue until the end, and just as naturally the time came when there seemed nobody else to ask. It was then we turned to that wonderful source of courage and of work, the "Tuesday Class in Religion," a body which *never fails* to respond to any demand which is within its power to meet; a class which has the "understanding heart" and before which one can appear to present any just appeal and be sure of an appreciative and sympathetic hearing.

The Class did not fail on this occasion, either in money or enthusiasm, and we were several hundred dollars richer by reason of its generosity when we parted for the summer vacation.

After this, began a campaign of education, which involved sleepless nights and days of letter writing during the summer months. Letters were written, not one of which was sent without careful thought, and which brought replies which seemed to show the evolution of man's thoughts from the stone age to the present time.

There were those who could not see why one should give time and labor to a work which did not pay—a journal should be regarded in the same light as a paper *factory*—if it didn't pay, it should be closed up!

Then there were those who never *did* believe in endowments. Each generation should be called upon to do its separate work, etc., and we had to try to convince such that we are all the sum of the endowments of the past, in one form or another.

Then there were others who never arrived further than to class us with "charities," and assured us that there was nothing left for us, as the other " 'charities' had consumed all that had been set aside for this purpose for the year." But in this part of my experience, the saddest was to receive no reply at all, leaving me with the conviction that I had failed in making any impression whatever and that if UNITY must stop it would be because of *my* inability to present its cause properly.

In the late autumn we again appealed to the Tuesday Class, and with the same generosity as before, our subscriptions were increased until we were, as I supposed, within $500 of the $30,000, when I was informed that I must suffer a disappointment in the failure of $1,500 upon which I had counted. Four weeks ago I found $2,000 was yet to be raised. Then Mr. Jones said, "We must not lose this $28,000 because of the failure of this $2,000. UNITY *must* go on, and I have a life insurance policy upon which I have been paying for twenty years. The amount, approximately $2,000, which we lack I will make up out of this paid-up policy." Naturally those of us who know how much Mr. Jones has given of himself in life and money for this work rebelled against this offer, and, assisted by the office force of Lincoln Centre, within the past week I have sent out over 100 letters to 100 *men*, explaining the situation and begging for some suggestions or contributions to obviate this sacrifice on the part of Mr. Jones. As yet I have received nine replies to my 100 letters and four have sent me subscriptions. To these nine persons allow me to express my grateful appreciation for the courtesy of a reply whether it was favorable or unfavorable.

During the last week of gloom before this annual meeting I wrote to a friend of UNITY, one whom I have never seen, but who at the beginning of our work a year ago sent me a substantial check; but better than the check was the note of appreciation which accompanied it. In our present difficulty I

wrote to her, telling her of our straights. Within twenty-four hours came her letter, again expressing her faith in UNITY and appreciation of what it meant in her life, and with it a check for $500. It is such surprises as these that make us more than ever convinced of the value of the message which UNITY carries.

To date the result of our work in dollars and cents is as follows:

Total number of subscribers to Jan. 14, 1915....	384
Number of men subscribing.....	121
Number of women subscribing.....	263

Subscriptions have also come from All Souls Church, Janesville, Wis., the Social Section of All Souls Church, Chicago, through its chairman, Mrs. Milo B. Randall, the Sunday School of All Souls Church and the balance left from the "Portrait Fund," amounting to $235.50.

Our subscriptions range from $1 to $5,000.

We pledged ourselves to raise.....	$30,000
We have pledges from subscribers to the amount of	28,746
Pledged by Mr. Jones.....	1,254
Making a total of.....	$30,000

And I bring in this report apparently a clean slate. But I am not satisfied, and I am sure that I shall find others who are not. Maybe I shall find such among the ninety men who have not answered my letters during the past week. *I* am not willing that Mr. Jones shall be permitted to pay *our* debt from his all too meager salary, or from a life insurance policy upon which he has been paying for twenty years. We know that we are banded together to propagate "Truth, Righteousness and Religion as interpreted by the growing thought of the day." Lincoln Centre is here to help us work out this problem in this community, and UNITY is the agent by which our success can be carried to other communities. This is OUR problem, not the problem of Mr. Jones, and therefore we have no right to assume that it is.

It is never a gracious thing for one to continually stand in the position of a solicitor for funds, however good the cause, and were I not convinced that I am carrying out the wishes of my co-workers, I could not be persuaded to stand in the position of a nuisance to my friends and a person to be avoided by my acquaintances But as it is, I wish to assure you that I will not rest until we have repaid this amount to Mr. Jones and I trust we may all meet here one year from tonight, when you may hear the last chapter of the story of the fund, and you may know how it has all been accomplished.

Respectfully submitted,

JESSIE E. SHEARS-CARNOVALE.

White and yellow pine are the woods most used for boxes, and each contributes more than a billion feet to the box industry annually.

The Massachusetts Forestry Association offers as a prize the planting of fifty acres of white pine to the town which gains first place in a contest for town forests.

THE STUDY TABLE

Book Notes

Sherman, French and Company have just published three small but solid books: "New Proofs of the Soul's Existence" (86 pp., $1), by S. S. Hebberd. It is an earnest argument, well phrased and clearly stated, which will appeal to many thoughtful readers. "Fated or Free" (89 pp., $1), Preston W. Slosson, is an illuminating discussion of the old problem of Freewill, with many brief but interesting allusions to collateral topics. The discussion is in the form of a well-sustained dialogue, which makes the book far more readable than such philosophical dissertations usually are. "The Buried Ideal" (183 pp., $1.25), by Charles Lawson, has an ethical intent, which is framed in history somewhat vaguely, but it is directly related to present life. "In the idea of duty not as a distant and forbidding moral imperative but as something deeply and warmly personal, it describes an ideal both workable and joyful, and opens to the socially generous an undertaking which is its own reward." All these books are presented in that attractive form of binding and presswork characteristic of these publishers.

Rev. Dr. William Elliot Griffis has given us many little books of great excellence since he published his small volume which interested all Americans some years ago: "Brave Little Holland." Some day it will have a companion, "Brave Little Belgium." Dr. Griffis' last gift is "The House We Live In (*Funk and Wagnalls,* 214 pp., 60 cents). In twenty short chapters the author presents a multitude of valuable suggestions respecting the quality and content of life, using the phrases of the twelfth chapter of Ecclesiastes as pegs on which to hang the web of his teachings. A book of practical common sense and also of sane religious instruction. An interesting and helpful gift book for young people.

There must be many people in the middle West who will be glad to have "With Open Mind," by Rev. Dr. John W. Bradshaw (*Pilgrim Press,* 155 pp., $1). A book of a dozen sermons, with brief memoir and a good portrait. Dr. Bradshaw was a college town preacher for twenty-five years at Galesburg, Ann Arbor, Oberlin, an earnest preacher and the students' friend. These are good sermons, well described by the title. They show openness of mind. What speaks here is the old faith, but a faith informed by science and warmed by humanity. J. H. C.

During the dark days of the Civil War, some one asked Abraham Lincoln whether he thought God was "on our side." "I do not know," he said. "I have not thought about that. But I am very anxious to know whether we are on God's side."

The Russian government has placed an embargo on all kinds of lumber, to prevent its exportation; walnut lumber, including Circassian walnut, much prized by American furniture makers, is specifically mentioned.

A GREAT CITIZEN

The Life of Gerrit Smith

BY

CHARLES EDWIN PERKINS

CHAPTER XXV.

GREENE SMITH, SOLDIER AND NATURALIST.

The Diary:

July 18, 1864. At about nine this evening our beloved son leaves us to join the army, with his commission as Second Lieutenant. He goes directly to the front at Petersburg, Va., where his regiment is, viz.: 14th New York Heavy Artillery, First Division, Ninth Corps.

A stipulation in connection with young Smith's enlistment was that his services should be given to his country without pay. It is hardly necessary to say this was pleasing to his father.

Greene had but recently returned from Europe. His early education, pursued at home under private tutors, Edwin Morton and Mr. Jarnaque, had been followed by a year or two at Harvard, and the fragmentary college course by studies abroad. Greene's bent of mind was strongly in the direction of natural science, with a special interest in ornithology. From boyhood he had exhibited a pronounced liking for the companionship of his gun, and this taste for hunting had been indulged in during his vacations in long and wide ranging excursions. To the enthusiasm of a naturalist he thus added the keen zest of the sportsman, and among his most highly prized accomplishments was his skill with the rifle. A practical taxidermist, he prepared his own specimens and already had made the fair beginnings of a collection of American birds that, before his death, had expanded to large proportions.

Greene saw severe service in the Union army during the last year of the Civil War and suffered a sunstroke as he lay with his company before Petersburg. Among his letters home one to his sister, Mrs. Miller, gives a graphic picture of war's deplorable horrors. The American internal conflict, a war between political brethren, was literally a war between kinsmen in the case of men of the Fitzhugh blood. It was "brother against brother," to quote Anna Miller, the Fitzhughs being numerously represented both in the South and North, and by their intermarriage widely related on both sides of the struggle with families that ventured all in behalf of their sections.

From Lieutenant Greene Smith:

Headquarters 2nd Brigade, 1st Division, 9th Corps.
Near Petersburg, Va., Aug. 3, 1864.

Dear Sister:

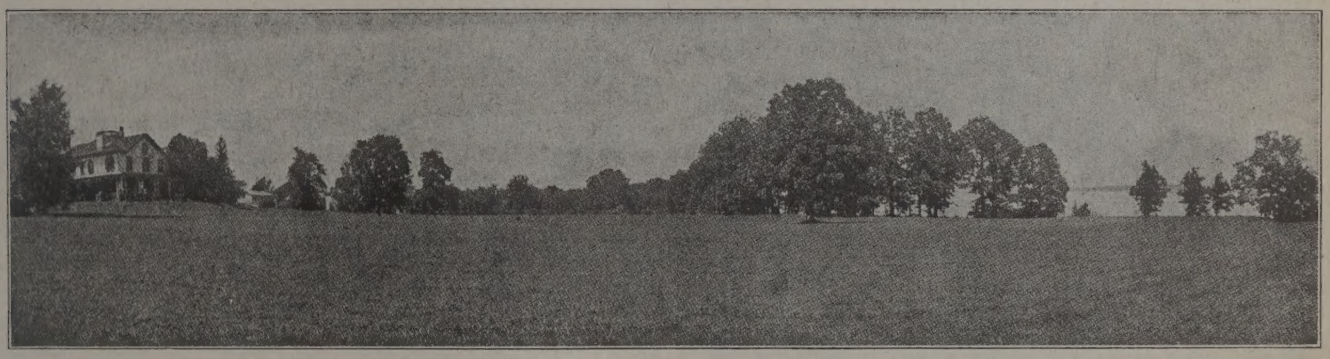
Everything is still quiet although we hear the pickets and sharpshooters exchanging shots, and a shell occasionally comes over. The Eighteenth Corps is going to blow up a part of the Rebs soon and we are under orders now to be ready to move at a moment's warning; not to fight, but to advance the lines if the 18th Corps is successful in their proposed attack.

I went up to see Bob Fitzhugh day before yesterday, but found that he had been wounded on the 30th and had gone home. His wound, I believe, is slight. Hal Backus is out on picket and Montie is in the tent with me. I am not well to-day. The weather is so intensely hot that I feel quite weak and feverish; but I shall be better soon, I hope, for it looks like rain.

Sister, this war is really awful. Probably the scene at the blown up fort was the worst ever beheld in this or any other war. A great many were buried alive and the ground was covered with their dead. One man who was buried all but one leg, which he kept wagging as a signal, was dug out and saved as a prisoner. Also another we took was buried all but his head and arm. Our brave men did nobly and so did the Rebs. Is it not wonderful that Hal and Montie and I were unharmed? Men were falling constantly all around us, indeed falling on us from the breastworks. Some poor fellows were terribly frightened and it really seemed cruel to force them over the breastworks; but we had to do it with the sword and bayonet. I will be very glad when the war is over, I can assure you. Just this moment a ball whistled about ten feet over my tent, but we are safe from those for we have very strong earthworks to protect us.

Well, I'll say good-bye. Give a great deal of love to the boys and Nannie and all the dear ones at home.

Your affectionate brother,
GREENE SMITH.



LOCHLAND, GENEVA, N. Y.

Home, after his marriage, of Greene Smith and later of his brother-in-law, Col. Charles Dudley Miller, and family. Seneca Lake in the background.

Lieut. Col. Pleasants, with his regiment of Pennsylvania miners, had run a gallery under a Confederate fortification, and this had been exploded in the early morning of July 30th. No better description of the blowing up of the fort has been written than that contained in Greene's letter. The battle of the "Crater" that followed was sanguinary and without result, the Federal forces being compelled to retire. The crater into which the storming party rushed proved a veritable death trap. Col. Marshall (of Greene's regiment) was captured, he with his troops having led the assault.

Lieut. Smith was discharged June 1, 1865, and the next day his father's diary states: "Greene leaves for Geneva, where he is to live." He had purchased the beautiful estate, Lochland, overlooking Seneca Lake, just south of the village border. February 7, 1866, again wrote, to quote the Diary: "My son Greene

was married to Elizabeth Fitzhugh of Hagerstown, Maryland."

The home of Mr. and Mrs. Greene Smith continued to be made at Geneva until after the deaths of Gerrit Smith and his wife, when he sold the place to his brother-in-law, Col. Chas. D. Miller, and with his wife resumed his abode in the family mansion at Peterboro. Col. Miller with his family moved to Geneva, which henceforth was their home.

Greene Smith died comparatively young, in July, 1880. In the grounds attached to the mansion he built for his feathered treasures, which were increased until they formed one of the most valuable collections of birds in America, a picturesque structure, in which some of the happiest hours of his life were passed, arranging and cataloging them. During his final sickness he insisted on being carried from the mansion to his bird-house, and there he breathed his last. The splendid collection of birds were given by his widow to Harvard University, and forms an exceedingly valuable part of the University Museum.

Mr. and Mrs. Smith had no children, and with his death the line of Gerrit Smith and Anne Carroll Fitzhugh Smith became extinct in the male issue.

Greene Smith possessed an extraordinary genial disposition and attached to himself a great host of friends. His skill with his rifle drew him, upon one occasion, into a contest in marksmanship with the famous Captain Bogardus, whom he defeated.

CONTINUED PATRIOTIC ACTIVITIES.

During the fall of 1864 Mr. Smith made many speeches urging the re-election of Lincoln. He issued an Analysis of the Chicago Convention Platform, on which Gen. McClellan had been nominated (and which he made haste to repudiate), which was a very able and telling campaign document. It concluded with a plea to Democrats to be true democrats and vote for Lincoln.

The President's re-election, grateful as it was to Mr. Smith, only called him to renewed efforts in aid of the Government. He went on the platform again, delivering patriotic speeches in all the cities of the state. His pen was as busy as his voice in the same cause. He raised a great deal of money, giving always the most generous share himself, to be used in caring for the families of soldiers, paying bounties for enlistment and for the Sanitary Commission. In the last months of the conflict it was by no means an easy matter for the Government to keep the ranks of the armies full. The war was an old story and much of the early ardor had abated. Consideration of the awful cost in life and ruined health affected enlistments. Conscription added to the unpopularity of the war. And the debt was appalling. Mr. Smith felt the seriousness of the situation. No one at Washington felt it more keenly, and hence his varied and ceaseless activties.

VARIOUS ITEMS OF INTEREST.

The Diary:

March 13, 1865. Miss Kenedy comes to dine. She is laboring in the cause of the freedmen. March 14. She leaves after breakfast.

Mr. Smith gave large sums for the help of the freed negroes, the main part of his contributions being made through the American Missionary Association.

A BEAUTIFUL LETTER OF CONDOLENCE.

To Rev. S. J. May:

Peterboro, May 10, 1865.

My Dear Friend:

I see in a newspaper that your beloved one has left you. But I see the date neither of her death nor funeral. The funeral has perhaps taken place already. I should like to have attended it.

I doubt not that your faith in God and in the higher and nobler life to which your dear wife has ascended will sustain you. That can and nothing else can. You will not be long parted from her. She is but a few steps in advance of you. God be thanked that your hands are full of work and that you have a heart to keep them full. This will make the burden of your sorrow comparatively light.

I trust that God's soothing spirit will be in the hearts of all the dear children.

My wife joins me in loving sympathy for you and all yours.

The Diary:

July 25, 1865. I go to Geneva to attend the funeral of my beloved friend, Gen. J. G. Swift.

Gen. Swift was the first graduate of the Military Academy at West Point, and had both in military service and in the life of a citizen a notable career. He was given a commission in the engineering department of the United States army ungraduated and rose to the head of that arm of the service. He was Chief Engineer of the Army during the War of 1812, and at the close of that struggle he became superintendent and inspector at West Point. He was associated with many engineering works of importance for the Government, and after resigning from the army was among the earliest engineers to engage in railroad building. The General's son, Jonathan William Swift, Commodore in the United States Navy, married, as already stated, Isabel Fitzhugh, a sister of Mrs. Gerrit Smith. The two families, the Swifts and the Smiths, were very intimate.

July 27, 1865. Rev. Mr. Calthrop arrives this evening. July 31. My wife and I leave for our friend Delevan's in Ballston. We leave Mr. Calthrop at our house. He preached yesterday in the Free Church, two very able sermons.

Samuel R. Calthrop, a Unitarian minister, English born and bred, became coadjutor with Rev. S. J. May in Syracuse, and at Mr. May's death succeeded him in the pastorate. He is still (1913), in an honored age, the senior pastor of the May Memorial Church. He spoke at Gerrit Smith's funeral.

September 7, 1865. This p. m. comes Charles C. Burleigh in stage. I hear Mr. Burleigh in Free Church on The Fate of Our Country.

KIND WORDS FOR A HOUSEHOLD HELPER.

September 27. This Wednesday noon dear Ann Redmond, who has served us so faithfully for many years, leaves us. May Heaven's richest blessings fall upon her. My heart will never forget the love and gratitude it owes her.

October 21. George Thompson of England comes at 11 a. m. October 22. Sunday I went to hear him preach at 1 p. m. in Presbyterian Church. October 24. He leaves us.

November 15. I leave for Chicago, accompanied by my dear daughter and granddaughter. December 2. We return. I spoke twice in Chicago.

During the war Mr. Smith put aside his temperance propaganda (not his interest in temperance) all his energies being needed for the cause of the Union. But now the awful evils of intemperance call upon him for renewed efforts in the cause of sobriety and sanity, and he heeds the call. Henceforth, to the end

of his life, his efforts for temperance knew no relaxation. The visit to Chicago, noted above from the Diary, was on a temperance errand.

February 26, 1866. I see in the Utica *Herald* that my dear old friend, Fletcher M. Haight, is dead. He died last Friday in San Francisco. He was my classmate all the four years of my college life, and all that time except half of the first term of the first year, my roommate. B. S. Cuyler was the other half. Good-bye, my dear Haight! I loved you much and you were worthy of my love.

June 6. My dear wife and I return from Johnstown. We find Dr. E. G. Holland at our house. He is to lecture in the Free Church this evening. June 8. Mr. Holland leaves this a. m.

August 4. February 1, 1859. I lent John B— $1,000, amounting this day to $1,671.15. I this day write his widow that I give up the debt.

Another instance of Mr. Smith's concern for the family of "The Martyr."

August 13. I see in the Utica *Herald* that Henry Fitzhugh is dead. Very intimate for many years were my relations with his dear brother. He was a wise and an honest man. I loved him greatly. God comfort his dear surviving ones.

I see in the same Utica *Herald* the death of my dear friend and college classmate, President John H. Lathrop of Columbia, Mo. Two noble men were these who have left the earth.

Mr. Smith had reached the period of life when the dropping of friends into the invisible becomes a sadly common incident. To his strongly affectionate nature the death of a friend was a real sorrow. His unhesitating faith in immortality, however, served to appreciably mitigate the poignancy of the death sorrows. He truly lived "as seeing the invisible," and confidently expected to meet them all again.

August 16. I went to Syracuse to attend the meeting of the Midland Railroad.

This railroad project was one that Mr. Smith's old friend, Hon. D. C. Littlejohn of Oswego, was deeply interested in. It was finally built, the line running from Oswego to New York, a diagonal line reaching and accommodating a considerable portion of the state that had been without railroad facilities. Nevertheless, the road had a hard time to make a life of it. It was badly caught in the great commercial panic of 1873, and it was years before, under a reorganization, it recovered. Mr. Smith's investments in it were in the nature of a gift to the city of Oswego, of which he was very fond, and which he believed the road would greatly benefit.

August 23. Elder Thomas Dewey, Oneida Indian, and Amos Johnson, a Seneca Indian, dine with us.

August 28. I learn to-day of the death of my old friend, John Pierpont.

October 23. Miss Scudder comes from Boston.

The visitor was Eliza Scudder, the poet. She was a frequent guest at Peterboro.

November 6. I went to the polls of election and I voted for a convention to revise the New York State Constitution and for nothing else.

November 23. Our beloved daughter and her husband, and their children, Dudley and Nannie, leave us a little before 1 p. m. for Europe, to be absent probably a year. May they enjoy the protection of the kind and good Father.

December 15. Mr. Parker Pillsbury and Mrs. E. C. Stanton arrive.

Mr. Pillsbury left behind him as a memento of this visit these lines:

PARKER PILLSBURY TO GERRIT SMITH.

As to the court of Israel's royal King
Came Sheba's Queen, his glory to behold,
And owned that of his wealth and minist'ring
The half had never to her ear been told;
So came I here, 'tho not alone to prove
That here, 'mid affluence all that earth bestows,
Dwell Truth and Justice, Liberty and Love,
A wealth no king in all his glory knows.
So may it be. Long yet may heavenly love
Bend o'er this roof in skies and stars of bliss.
Why should we doubt the joys of worlds above,
With their rich foretaste so divine in this!

The Diary:

January 14, 1867. Maj. Gen. D. P. Jackson of Atlanta, Ga., arrives this evening. January 16. He leaves this a. m. January 20. Dear Betsey Kelty is 76 to-day.

February 22. A black man comes who says he is from Baltimore. February 25. The black man leaves us, having been well fed and clothed by us.

April 17. A teacher of phonography comes.

THE BIRD HOUSE.

This structure, on the estate at Peterboro, was built by Greene Smith for the accommodation of that splendid collection of birds which were the prizes of his expeditions as an ornithologist, in many climes. In his last sickness Mr. Smith had himself moved from the mansion hither, and here he died among his feathered treasures, in July, 1880. The collection now forms a part, and a very valuable part, of the University Museum at Harvard.

ANCIENT DIVING BELLS

That the diving bell has been in use for many centuries is proved by the fact that Aristotle makes reference to the use of this device for exploring ocean depths about 325 B. C. A diving bell was first used in Europe in the sixteenth century A. D. In 1662 one was used on the Scotch coast in searching for the wreck of a ship of the Spanish Armada.

In 1716 Halley made great improvements in this machine and he was the first to set foot on the bottom of the sea by means of a diving bell. The talpa marina, or sea mole, a diving machine to be used for laying torpedoes and the like, being a cylinder provided with compressed air sufficient for two people for fifty hours, was invented by Tosselli, a Venetian, and was used in the Bay of Naples in 1871.

—*The American Boy.*

The town forest of Baden-Baden, Germany, yields an annual profit of $5.25 per acre, or a total net profit of nearly $37,500.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL

The Flowering of the Hebrew Religion
The New Testament

Being the Fifth Year's Work in the Seven Years' Course of Study in the History and Practice of Religion, as given by Jenkin Lloyd Jones to his classes at the Abraham Lincoln Centre.

Prepared for UNITY by Miss May Johnson and Mrs. William Rothmann

I.

Introductory.

An intensive study of the New Testament is important and timely because all of us are shamefully ignorant of the sources of our life, joy and civilization, indifferent to the roots of our life and institutions, illiterate in regard to the profound sources of our civilization. The New Testament is by common consent conceded one great source. In this course we will have to dip into its theology, the creeds and dogmas that have gathered around it, remembering always that a mighty stream of power, of tremendous influence, that has modified the life on this earth, had its rise in Palestine about nineteen hundred years ago. We must not forget that there was life, beauty, love, joy and piety in the world before Mary nursed her babe, that Jesus entered into the world in the "fullness" and not the emptiness of time. The world was ripe for one more prophet of the ever-living God.

For the last two years we have been dealing with the roots of New Testament wisdom and with the sources of the Jesus power. Aside from this we have all had a start in one way or another in the study of the New Testament.

There is something very interesting happening in the intellectual and moral world of today. With the decay of dogmas, with the growing distrust of many "doctrines," with the breaking down of a certain kind of theology, the old ecclesiasticism tied thereto, Jesus as a lover of men and a teacher of morals is having a revival in the attention and sympathies and enthusiasms of forward-looking men.

The dogmas of the Trinity, the "vicarious atonement," a "one and only Savior" and an escape into an everlasting heaven from an everlasting hell are breaking down. But here is the surprising thing. Where the theologian loses his "Christ," the sociologist finds him. There is a story abroad that in a certain gathering of "reformers" and "leaders," the name of God was hissed but the name of Jesus was applauded. That is psychologically interesting and we shall find in our study that fresh enthusiasm in the study of the New Testament is coming from the sociological ranks, from the working men, the socialist, the reformer, the social worker, the settlement helper. Those who are actually grappling with the burdens of the world and are trying to escape the burdens of the church, are coming back to the message of the Nazarene.

Our interest geographically centers in a thumb-nail spot on the Asiatic map which two thousand years ago was a very beautiful and interesting country indeed, "flowing with milk and honey."

Travelers tell us it is still a land of beauty, though sadly mutilated by the hand of man, denuded first by the scourge of war, again by the blight of ignorance that has felled the forests without planting trees to take their place, and tilled the fields in such a way that they have been ravished by drought and tempest,—leaving a poor, debauched country. Palestine is a little fringe, a sort of human embroidery on the western edge of Asia, about a hundred and forty miles long and not more than forty wide, pretty nearly the dimensions of Wales. This little bit of country which has had little commercial or political significance in the history of the world, which has been a negligible quantity for two thousand years in national affairs, disputes with that other negligible piece of land, the rugged little promontory,—Greece,—the honor of being the psychical capital of the western world. On this bit of ground was enacted the great drama that inaugurated Christianity. At that time it was divided into four indefinite geographical sections.

1. Galilee, the northern country, was the home of peasants, the camping ground of foreign soldiery, with its Lake Tiberias, as it is called by Josephus because the Empeor Tiberias had his summer home there, or, the Lake of Gennesaret or Sea of Galilee, its earlier names. On the shores of this inland lake, Jesus put in his most effective missionary work.

2. Samaria, the "bad lands" of those times, had already grown alien to the Jew because of the foreigners who had taken possession and the mixed blood that followed. One of the most daring and radical things that Jesus did for his time was to go *through* instead of *around* Samaria, and if all other evidence failed he was convicted of being a radical because he talked with a Samaritan woman.

3. In the south was Judea, the Massachusetts of Palestine at that time, where the race, pride and culture of Jewish life reached its maximum. The Boston of Palestine was of course Jerusalem, the pride and joy of the cultivated, pious and ecclesiastic Jews.

4. The fourth section was to the east "beyond the Jordan," an unsurveyed territory which constantly figures in the New Testament.

We cannot think of Palestine without thinking of the Jew. It was his fatherland, his mother-country, although at this time it was anything but a Jewish territory. Perhaps more non-Jews than Jews lived in Palestine when Jesus was a boy. Certainly the dictating forces were non-Jewish.

Our studies come in at the vanishing line of the Asmonean kings, although the Jews tried to believe that they still had a government of their own. Herod was the last of the Jewish dynasty and within seventy years Rome was absolutely in control of the whole territory. The land was swarming with Roman soldiers, the fortified places were occupied by Romans and all sorts of guerilla warfare was going on. Palestine was on the main thoroughfare between Egypt and the upper part of Syria. It was in the way of the caravans which added to the mixed quality of the population and the diverse interest of the situation. There was much intellectual activity here at this time, and this country, over-ridden with foreigners, was Roman in its politics, influenced commercially by Alexandria and Tyre, and intellectually swayed by Greece. Philo was just dead, a great and learned

Jew who tried to unite Aristotle and Moses, to reconcile the Pentateuch with Greek philosophy.

The little boy Jesus was born into this turmoil of thought, into this complexity of races and into a large amount of sectarian trouble among his own people. The contentions between the Sadducees and Pharisees, and the Zealots and Essenes, make tame any trouble today between the Presbyterians and the Baptists, or the orthodox and heterodox.

Our year's work begins at the storm center of progress, nineteen hundred years ago, where Greek thought had been in conflict or in contact with Hebrew inspiration for two or three hundred years, where Roman power was trying to suppress everything and anything that was Asiatic. No wonder something came of it.

The standpoint from which we will study these lessons will be that which I take to be the standpoint of modern scholarship of any and all schools. That is, that Jesus came out of the historic stream of Judaism. He can be understood only by understanding his fore-runners, Isaiah, Jeremiah and their fellows. He is the latest and greatest of the Hebrew prophets, a Jew ethnologically, sociologically and theologically. But he was a Jew in the transitional period in the life of the Jew. He caught the larger meaning of the Jewish message,—"Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy mind, and with all thy strength, and thy neighbor as thyself." He taught love to God and love to man. He who does not love his brother whom he hath seen how can he love God whom he hath not seen. This represented the fundamental strain in Jesus' message. He expressed an original, a fresh note. Perhaps it was that he saw, more or less clearly, the world-reaching character of the message, and the world-limiting character of the Jewish cult of his time. He sent that message, that slogan of the Jew out into the world. This peasant-born reformer caught the vital essence of his people's message, and he lived it so charmingly, taught it so consistently, practiced it so efficiently, that a new movement was started which has grown tremendously and is our inspiration today.

(1) Give three reasons for the intensive study of the New Testament.

(2) Compare Palestine as it is today with the Palestine of New Testament times.

(3) How was Palestine divided politically? Name the divisions.

(4) Outline the political conditions existing when Jesus came.

(5) What forces were at work tending towards the disintegration of the Jew.

Our Singers

Though a small organization, what Church is so rich in poets as the Unitarian? I mean of course poets whose work is subject to the severest test. It is essential in all great or true poetry that it reveals in some measure, the meaning, the melody, the value and the beauty of things.

Possessing this essential, how many I might mention, but I will only name for illustration, and because I know them personally, F. L. Hosmer, W. C. Gannett, James Vila Blake, James H. West, Charles F. Dole, George Batchelor, and Augusta Larned. In this enumeration I do not attempt to compare our poets with others more widely known, for example, Alfred Noyes, John Galsworthy, George Meredith, Bernard Shaw, and H. G. Wells and determine their respective rank. I simply say they are in the same class—they are poets. For they teach us the wealth and beauty of life, that life with all its unhappiness, perplexity and sin is "worth while."

They show us that in many of the lives of those about us these are resources of happiness, of humor, of courage, of will, of intelligence, and of hope, when they are seen in a true perspective.

And more than this they have taught us that we are not helpless in the iron meshes of a blind and indifferent Nature, but that this Nature may be made by science our servant; and therefore science is educational and deeply spiritual. They teach us that to honor ourselves is a religious duty, or rather to honor that within ourselves which aspires after the just, the true, the generous, the brave, the beautiful, and the divine.

And even more than this, they have shown us that the gulf has been bridged between reality and imagination, between ideas and intuition, between sense and spirit, and that on this bridge all true and religious spirits may pass and stand on the shore of an unknown which stretches away every whither.

Or to use another metaphor, our poets have shown us that the wall has fallen down between us and the unseen world, which we have so long divined, but which so long remained undiscovered. We see the flashing rays of a mighty sun; and hear the music to which innumerable feet are marching—yes, to which the earth and stars are moving. That music, or a strain of it, caught and chained "in imperishable verse," to use G. Lowes Dickinson's rare words by one now no longer in the flesh:

> That Light whose smile kindles the universe,
> That Beauty in which all things work and move,
> That Benediction which the eclipsing curse
> Of birth can quench not, that sustaining Love
> Which through the web of Being blindly wove
> By man and beast and earth and sky.

JAMES G. TOWNSEND.

THE TONGUE.

"Thou shalt be hid from the scourge of the tongue" (Job. 5:21).

"The boneless tongue, so small and weak,
Can crush and kill," declares the Greek.

"The tongue destroys a greater horde,"
The Turk asserts, "than does the sword."

The Persian proverb wisely saith,
"A lengthy tongue—an early death;"

Or sometimes takes this form instead,
"Don't let your tongue cut off your head."

While Arab sages this import,
"The tongue's great warehouse is the heart."

From Hebrew wit the maxim sprung,
"Though feet would slip, ne'er let the tongue."

The sacred writer crowns the whole,
"Who keeps his tongue doth keep his soul."

—*Selected.*

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THE FIELD

"The World is my Country, to do Good is my Religion."

THE ANNUAL MEETING AT THE LINCOLN CENTRE.

The Thirty-third Annual Dinner and Meeting of All Souls Church, Chicago, held at the Abraham Lincoln Centre, January 14th, judged by the attendance and unanimity and heartiness of the spirit manifested, the number of reports rendered, the amount of work accomplished and the amount of money spent, was clearly the greatest one yet held. Forty reports were submitted by as many workers, all of them brief, shorn of rhetoric, dealing in facts. To most of them there was appended a financial exhibit, and without exception all of the church reports had a little balance on the right side.

The two central points of interest were: First, the report of the Lincoln Centre Farm in Wisconsin, with its accompanying pamphlet of pictures reporting the completion and occupancy of the Rose Inn (named after the venerable father and tree planter of the early lakeside resort), which serves as a dining-room, kitchen, servants' quarters and guest chambers; and also the new barn, perhaps the most up-to-date *small* barn in the State of Wisconsin, as complete as the James Mfg. Co., the great barn builders and stable equippers, could make it; and a cozy house for the caretaker. These completed buildings with an equipment of one horse, six cows, three calves, two pigs, forty chickens, and an inadequate supply of farm implements, represent an investment of about $12,000.

The second and still more absorbing point of interest was the report on the Unity Endowment Fund rendered by the tireless and efficient shepherdess of that fund, Mrs. Jessie Shears-Carnovale, which with other explanatory matters is printed in this week's UNITY.

Space forbids further notice of this meeting. All the reports will be gathered into the Thirty-second Annual, which will appear, unless the precedent of years be broken, at Easter-time.

One section of work known as the Educational Section was retired, the work represented in the past by that section having naturally fallen into the custody of other sections. Three new sections were added; the Unity Section, which gives Mrs. Shears-Carnovale a permanent place on the council board; the Recreation Section, under the joint leadership of Mrs. J. B. Levi and Mrs. Vesta Gifford, to have special charge of the social recreations of the Centre not otherwise provided for; and a Peace Section, with Mrs. Bertram W. Sippy as chairman, with the hope that peace promotion will become an organic part recognized in the council and budget of All Souls Church in the future as it practically has been for many years.

The two hundred sixty-two plates provided were practically all utilized. As usual Miss Jennie Johnson illuminated the program with her singing. Whatever choir the wonderful voice of Miss Johnson may serve, she is ex-officio the singer for All Souls Church, where her heart always is.

WHY WOMEN CHATTER

In the February *Woman's Home Companion*, Ida M. Tarbell, probably the best known woman journalist in America, writes an interesting article entitled "The Talkative Woman" in which she explains why women chatter and what their chatter is worth. One of her principal points is that women are naturally talkative because they spend so much time with little children, teaching the youngsters the language. This point Miss Tarbell explains as follows:

"If it were not for the chattering of women, the child would never learn to talk.

"There is no one, probably, that will deny that the first words a child attempts to speak are mere imitations of sounds—that they mean no more to him than sounds do to a parrot. When he begins to imitate there is always, or should be, a woman beside him, repeat-

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A more beautiful and human bit of autobiography than Robert Collyer's "Some Memories" has rarely been written. The "Blacksmith Preacher" tells his wonderfully interesting life-story in his own inimitable way, and every page is a smile—with a thoughtful inspiration behind it of Robert Collyer's genial soul. The publisher's price for this book is $1.25. We will send it with one year's subscription to The Unitarian Advance for $1.30.

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ing, smiling, encouraging him. The play goes on, month in and month out. With infinite patience she chatters to him until consciousness is aroused. Then rapidly his education goes on. Words are attached to objects; facts about objects are perceived; their form, their color, their odor, their relations to the little learner. The words for all these perceptions are slowly gathered in. Then the child learns to compare, to distinguish values, to remember not merely the sounds he learns but the meanings of those sounds. His mind is opened to the world, and through a woman's chattering!

"'When he leaves her hands at six or seven,' says M. de Gourmont, 'he is a man, that is, he talks, which is what makes a man.' 'The great intellectual work of women,' he goes on, 'is teaching language. The grammarians claim that they do it, which is absurd. Children know how to talk before they go to school. They already use all the forms of the verb; all the shades of syntax, easily and correctly. This power of language the child gets from the woman. It is to her honor that later he will use it as a poet, novelist, philosopher or moralist, or, to use Nietzsche's strong phrase, as a 'creator of values.'

"Take this view of it—and who shall or can dispute its truth?—and how infinitely more valuable to the world is the chatter of women than all the books they ever wrote or orations they ever delivered. It is of that fundamental order of things, without which cultivation, even civilization, could not go on."

Hymn Books Wanted

A small liberal congregation desires to purchase a supply of second hand copies of the pamphlet edition of "Hymns and Tunes from the Revised Editions of the Hymn and Tune Book and the social Hymn and Tune Book," published by the American Unitarian Association. Must be in fair condition.

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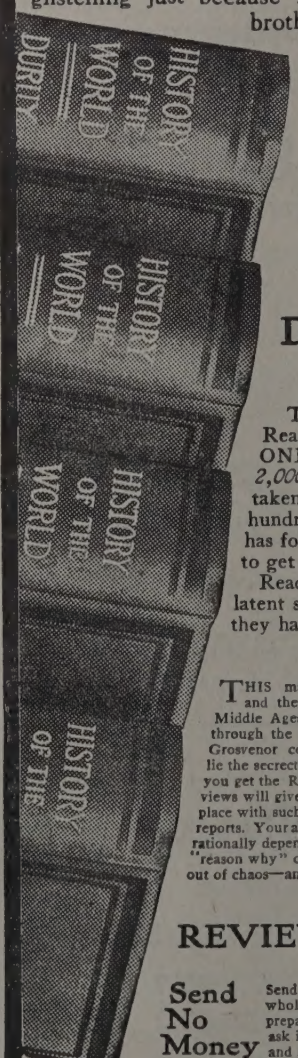

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